

Did you ever hear tell of Sweet Betsy from Pike, who crossed the wide mountains with  
her lover Ike, two yoke of cattle and a large yellow dog, a tall Shanghai rooster, and a  
one-spotted hog. Singing too-ra-ly-oo-ra-li-oo-ra-li-ay.

Did you ever hear tell  
Of Sweet Betsy from Pike,  
Who crossed the wide mountains  
With her lover Ike,  
Two yoke of cattle  
And a large yellow dog,  
A tall Shanghai rooster,  
And a one-spotted hog.  
Singing too-ra-ly-oo-ra-li-  
Oo-ra-li-ay.

One evening quite early  
They camped on the Platte,  
Twas near by the road  
On a green shady flat.  
Betsy, sore-footed,  
Lay down to repose--  
With wonder Ike gazed  
On that Pike County rose.

The wagon broke down  
With a terrible crash,  
And out on the prairie  
Rolled all sorts of trash.  
A few little baby-clothes,  
Done up with care,  
Looked rather suspicious,  
But all on the square.

The alkali desert was  
Burning and bare,  
And Isaac's soul shrank  
From the death that lurked there.  
"Dear old Pike County,  
I'll go back to you"--  
Says Betsy,  
"You'll go by yourself if you do!"

They swam the wide rivers  
And crossed the tall peaks,  
And camped on the prairie  
For weeks upon weeks.  
Starvation and cholera,  
Hard work and slaughter--  
They reached California  
'spite of hell and high water.

The Injuns came down  
In a thundering horde,  
And Betsy was scared  
They would scalp her adored.  
So under the wagon-bed  
Betsy did crawl  
And she fought off the  
Injuns with musket and ball.

They stopped at Salt Lake  
To inquire of the way,  
When Brigham declared that  
Sweet Betsy should stay.  
Betsy got frightened  
And ran like a deer,  
While Brigham stood pawing  
The ground like a steer.

They soon reached the desert,  
Where Betsy gave out,  
And down in the sand  
She lay rolling about.  
Ike in great wonder  
Looked on in surprise,  
Saying, "Betsy, get up,  
You'll get sand in your eyes."

Sweet Betsy got up  
In a great deal of pain.  
She declared she'd go back  
To Pike County again.  
Ike gave a sigh,  
And they fondly embraced,  
And they traveled along  
With his arm round her waist.

They suddenly stopped  
On a very high hill,  
With wonder looked down  
Upon old Placerville.  
Ike said to Betsy,  
As he cast his eyes down,  
"Sweet Betsy, my darling,  
We've got to Hangtown."

A miner said,  
"Betsy, will you dance with me?"  
"I will that, old hoss,  
If you don't make too free.  
Don't dance me hard,  
Do you want to know why?  
Doggone you,  
I'm chock-full of strong alkali."

The Shanghai ran off,  
And the cattle all died,  
That morning the last piece  
Of bacon was fried.  
Ike got discouraged,  
Betsy got mad,  
The dog drooped his tail  
And looked wonderfully sad.

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy  
Attended a dance.  
Ike wore a pair of his  
Pike County pants.  
Betsy was covered  
With ribbons and rings.  
Says Ike, "You're an angel,  
But where is your wings?"

This Pike County couple  
Got married, of course,  
But Ike became jealous,  
And obtained a divorce.  
Betsy, well-satisfied,  
Said with a shout,  
"Goodby, you big lummox,  
I'm glad you backed out!"